THE Numb. 46.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From Wednesday October 19, to Friday October 21, 1709.

NOtwithſtanding the Care, Pains and Trouble I have taken to admoniſh Fools, Fops and Knaves, yet the following Account will ſufficiently prove, that my repeated Endeavours have not yet had the deſir'd effect, it having indeed created in me ſuch an Abhorrence for the whole Race of Man, that I do not know when I ſhall be reconciled to 'em. Robbers on the High-Ways, Houſe-Breakers, Coyners, *&c.* are much, I think, the Honeſter Men, than the Actors of ſuch a Tragical and Abominable Scene, which, no doubt, will create the like Indignation in moſt of my Sex. The Fact is as follows.

The Beauteous *Almeria*, who was ſo Indiſpos'd at the *Bath*, that to the Heart-breaking of a Thouſand proſtrate *Swains*, her Life was in danger, being deſirous of returning Home, a *Phyſitian* attended her, and at the Lady's Requeſt they went by *Oxford*, where the *Phyſitian* was taken ſo Ill himſelf, he was forc'd to remain at the Univerſity. The Care of *Almeria*, who ſtill grew Weaker, gave him great diſquiet, and he cou'd then find no better way than to entruſt her with a Paſſenger in the Coach, one of our Modern Counts, who ſeem'd to be a Gentleman, and had his Valet with him. The Count eargerly imbrac'd his Charge, ſeem'd concern'd for her Illneſs, aſſur'd the Doctor what Service he wou'd do her, and how joyful he ſhou'd be at the Recovery of ſo fine a Creature. When they had drove ſome Miles out of Town, and it growing dark, he began to *Toy* with her, ſqueez'd her Hand, and raviſh'd a Kiſs from her: This Fright was ſuch an Addition to her Malady, that *Almeria* was dying upon the Spot; nor did the *Count* ſtop here, for reſolving to ſatiate his Brutal Appetite, he attacks her boiſterouſly, the Valet aſſiſting him in the *Rape*. The Diſtreſs'd expiring Nymph, finding no Houſe, no Perſon near to relieve her Extremity, and that Prayers, Tears, and Swoonings had prov'd ineffectual, ſhe pluck'd up a little Spirit, told him, His rough Behaviour had ſo ſurpris'd her, that ſhe knew not what ſhe ſaid, but if he wou'd ſpeak tenderly to her, and uſe ſome ſoft Expreſſions, perhaps ſhe might be prevail'd upon, and as ſhe had no Averſion to his Perſon, ſhe knew not what Influence his Words might have over her. The Scene was then chang'd to gentle Touches, Amorous Sighs, and Scrapes of *Ceaſe Cruel Tyrannyzing*, and *O! Nymph of Race Divine*; 'till *Almeria* proteſted, ſhe was in ſuch a diſorder, that nothing but a little Air cou'd keep Life in her, after which ſhe promis'd him Complyance. She lighted, and in the dark ran into a deep Pool, and ruſh'd thro' a Hedge, by which her Hands and Face were moſt lamentably torn, and then ſat trembling upon the Graſs. The *Count* not finding her return, grew outragious, and ſearching for her to no purpoſe, he brib'd the Coachman to Secrecy, and bid him drive Geeho-like to the next Village, where each of 'em wou'd get a Link, and the *Count* Swore louder than at loſing *a Fifty Pound Main*, that if he found her, he'd force her to his Inclinations, and then ſtabb her. *Almeria* over heard all, and being naturally deſirous to preſerve the few expected Remains of Life, made back again towards *Oxford*. The poor Lady tottering on by tedious Marches, ſhort Reſtings, Pantings, and Struglings for Breath, at laſt reach'd the Place of Refuge: But whether Providence, which brought her thither, more than Natural Strength, has ſtill preſerv'd her alive, Intelligence is not yet known.

Almeria's Misfortune had ſuch an Effect upon the whole *Drawing-Room*, that we had a profound Silence. *Betty Friſk*, who hurries to me with ev'ry Story ſhe hears, bolted in with a Quarrel at St *Martins Church*, between Mrs. *Haughty* and Mrs. *Flounce*. Mrs. *Haughty* it ſeems, had made a moſt flaming Suit of Cloaths, and being longer adjuſting herſelf that Day than ordinary, Mrs. *Flounce* was come before her, and had taken her Seat, which was the upper end of the *Pew*. *Haughty* Sails in, and reſolving to aſſert herſelf at that time, cries, *Madam, this is my Place, if you pleaſe to move lower you'll ſit as eaſy, and hear as well.*——*Madam*, replies Flounce, *I ſhall keep this Place till Sermon's over, and then 'tis at your Service again*, —— *I muſt tell you Madam*, ſays Haughty, *you are rude*, —— *Civility, Madam*, anſwers Flounce, *is thrown away on ſome People*, —— *Madam*, cries Haughty, *you are an Impudent Slut*, —— *you're a vain ſilly Creature* ſays t'other, ---- *Nay, Madam*, replies Haughty, *if you give me ill Language*, —— So ſhoves her away, with moſt *Maſculine Fury*, and ſquats down in her Place. Mrs. *Flounce*'s Devotion was quite ſpoil'd for that Day; ſhe *ſat* when ſhe ſhou'd have *ſtood*, and *kneel'd* when ſhe ſhou'd have *ſat*; her *Meditations* were *Revenge*, and ſhe ſwell'd as much with Envy at *Haughty's Appearance*, as the Affront ſhe had received from her: But as Invention is ſeldom wanting to a Woman, ſhe found a pair of Sciſſars in her Pocket, and took ev'ry little opportunity of Snipping Mrs. *Haughty*'s Cloaths; ſo that by that time Church was done, the Tail of her New Gown was cut all to Pieces: *Haughty* Bridles thro' the Iſle with her Fan ſpread, and her Streamers out, but inſtead of Peoples admiring her, ſhe found ev'ry body was upon the Grin; when ſhe came into the *Church-Yard*, the Boys ſurrounded her; at laſt, perceiving what had happen'd, and ſpying Mrs. *Flounce*, ſhe flew at her with all the Fury of an Incens'd *Turkey-Cock*,—— *Ay*, ſays ſhe, *you are the Jade that have done*

me

me this piece of Service, not only to ſpoil my Cloaths, but make me Ridiculous; Slap, ſlap, ſlap went the Fan in her Face, Flounce *returned the Blows,* the *Congregation* ſoon parted 'em, but *Expreſſions* was not wanting on either ſide, and 'tis ſaid their Husband's are now ſo very fooliſh, as to make *a Tawdry Suit, a Law Suit.*

†‡† *The Two affected Siſters who were lately expelled* Oxford, *for Caballing too much with the Young Students, have now open'd a New Tavern here, furniſhed with Variety of Square Tables, broken back'd Chairs, and other old Goods, with a Deaf and Dumb Drawer, are deſired not to carry on th ir Frolicks amongſt the Templers; to prevent which, Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *has order'd her Man* Francis, *who has lately learnt to Drink Claret, and now wears his own Cloaths, to friſk in there very often for his half Pint, obſerve what Enormities are practiſed, and prove an honeſt Informer by not taking Bribes to conceal 'em.*

The Enthuſiaſtick Lady, who, when Covent Garden *Bell Rung, was in ſuch a hurry for Prayers, that ſhe ſnatch'd up a Caſe Knife inſtead of her Fan, and perceiv'd not her Error till ſhe came into the Pew, is deſired henceforward not to be ſo over Zealous, ſince ſhe provok'd abundance of indecent Tittering by ſo Ridiculous a Miſtake.*

†‡† *The Two Old Maids at* Highgate, *who call themſelves* Nuns, *becauſe the Men never Viſit 'em, and very rarely the Women, are deſir'd not to aſſume that Appellation, till they have relinquiſh'd all Carnal Thoughts, looking wiſhfully at ev'ry Young Fellow they ſee, and ſhow a little more Piety, than to ſtalk into Church when Prayers are half done.*

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